

EXHIBIT "C"

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July 2011

Honorable Judge John Gleeson
U.S. District Court
Eastern District of New York
225 Cadman Plaza East
Brooklyn N.Y. 11201

To the Honorable Judge:

My name is Chayah S. Malka (Weingarten). I am 25 years old. I'm the fourth child in my family. My father is Israel Weingarten. I have been blessed (since birth) with a father with boundless energy, love and concern for myself, my siblings, my community and whoever came his way who needed assistance.

Aside from the painful memories that I have now from the past 3 years that my dear father is incarcerated, I just have good, happy and loving unforgettable memories from my childhood in regards to my father.

I always felt so lucky and thrilled under my father's care. If I was in need for something and I told my father, I got it. If I needed some help with homework, I got it. If I needed some attention, I also got it... and everything was done with such concern and interest with his whole heart and soul, that I felt so lucky to grow up in my father's house.

In my younger years we lived in Antwerp (Belgium). My father ran a Yeshiva and in the summer he ran an overnight camp in Switzerland for 3 weeks, so we settled in a cottage on the camp grounds. Every day my father would spend time with the campers and then later he would spend time with us. Everyone - the campers, we the family.

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remember the hikes the best. My father would tell stories from my grandparents, sing songs with us and make everything fun and interesting.

My father was an educator. Aside from different positions teaching, he taught us right from wrong. He taught us how to behave. Two incidents come to mind. I once saw on a trip a group of mangonians and began to laugh. Immediately when I told my father about it, he used the incident to remind me how grateful I should be that our physique is normal and appealing to the eye. Instead of laughing I should befriend them and make them feel good about themselves. He pointed out how difficult it must be for them to look different than others.

The second incident has to do with the time I began working. working often brought up difficult situations. - perhaps I needed to tell someone something that she wasn't prepared to hear, or I was embarrassed to ask a question. My father always found the time to hear the issue, guide and advise me in a way that surpassed my expectations of a good outcome. The people I dealt with were impressed by my ability to navigate my way into their environment and treasured my time working with them.

I believe his advice on dealing with people helped me succeed in maintaining many of my friendships since childhood.

Being taught not to do for another something that you don't like it to be done to yourself was a vital key in my life.

It is difficult for me to define the magnitude of my father's generosity and interest in helping others. Starting from my earliest memories, I cannot remember a time that he was not giving.

He was always engrossed in the needs of his children, his neighbors and his community. I recall a neighbor whose electricity was about to be turned off. My concerned father could not rest until he phoned as many friends as possible to help them restore electricity to their home.

Charity was an ever present activity in our home. Contributions were given to many people who were in need of money. My father's interest in the welfare of others knew no end. The act of charity did not just extend to money. My father did many acts of kindness in helping people. One particular incident stands out in my memory. My father heard of a family that was emigrating from a country where they had many difficulties. My father empathized with their plight; coming to a new country, starting from scratch and searching for employment. To assist this family, unbeknownst to them, my father went full speed into the task of finding an apartment, searching for furniture for the apartment, buying linens and other household items. While employed and with the burden of exclusively raising his six children, coupled with the task of keeping the house in order, he somehow found the time to provide for this family, whom he had never met. My father enlisted our help in this endeavor so that we could learn "on the job" how to properly help another person with dignity. The family arriving from overseas were completely surprised to find a furnished apartment with everything that they needed.

Rarely have I ever seen him doing for himself. His concern and love was always for us. When I was 16, I became very ill. I had all sorts of symptoms which finally after 5 months of tests, meeting different doctors, diagnosed as Lyme Disease. My father devoted his whole energy to find a cure for me, while keeping up with his household responsibilities,

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keeping tabs on my siblings so they shouldn't feel neglected and maintaining a part time job. As one of the eldest in the family, I was relied on before the illness set in. While stricken with the illness, my body became weaker and weaker and there wasn't anything I could do to help. Despite my inability to help, the duties of home continued as usual.

When I recall this difficult period, I remember the specialist in New Jersey being extremely impressed at how my father was able to take care of so much with ease and little stress. This was especially true after an unfortunate incident that took place earlier in the week before my father came to meet the doctor. The doctor was surprised to see my father covered with black and blue marks on his face and arms. A beating up by his nephews from my mother's side was the cause of his appearance. Despite the pain he must have felt, having torn ligaments and slipped, crushed disks in his spine, my father's first concern was me. Before tending to his own wounds, he came with me to all appointments and always helped me ease my pain.

I was fortunate to wed over a year ago and became pregnant right away. My pregnancy was strewn with complications including gallbladder stones and later Colisitis, an infection of the gall bladder in my seventh month that required surgery but was impossible to do at that time. Despite the approach of the presentencing, my father's mind was on me - how was I doing? How was I feeling? Did we have enough money - most of my pregnancy forced me to stay in bed - how were we managing? I worried how he was doing. How was he holding up? Despite my interest, my father was not concerned for his welfare. He was only concerned with mine and my siblings. He researched colitis and asked to speak to my doctors.

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I Obligated. His persistence was impressive and through his research and questioning, he was able to advocate on my behalf, get me the proper medication and put my mind at ease at this critical moments of my life.

My wedding date, a little over a year ago was a most joyous occasion marred by the absence of my dear father. My father has been with me for so many life moments, easy ones and hard ones, that it was difficult to have a relative walk me down the aisle. Another event that he was absent at was the celebration of the birth of my daughter. My father could not be with me at these two precious moments of my life. I cant describe the pain that it caused me.

I can tell you countless stories of his exceptional nature - each one supersedes the one before it. Conviction and sentencing of this very special man - my dear father - robs his family of treasured moments.

How could we go on with our life like that??

We cannot get a full night of sleep for the past 3 years!!!

How could I express the feelings of my broken heart on a piece of paper ???

please have compassion on my wonderful father and our family. He doesn't deserve to be punished.

We dont give up our hope !!!

Sincerely,

C.W.

Honorable Judge John Gleeson
U.S. District Court
Eastern District of New York
225 Cadman Plaza East
Brooklyn NY 11201

July, 2011

Honorable Judge John Gleeson:

My name is Yakev Weingarten. My father is Israel Weingarten. As I am 21, I have known him all of my life. We have a very close relationship. He has always be there for me. His concern is genuine and it focuses on all aspects of my life as well as my siblings.

As his resentencing is coming up, I feel as if my life is unraveling, and I'm unsure if anything will ever be the same again. To have this happen to me at this time of my life is scary. At 21, my life just beginning. My fiancé and I are planning our future, our home and our life. Having my father go through such an ordeal is heartbreaking. He was always my staunchest supporter and the person I leaned on throughout my life.

Unlike my contemporaries, I had two parents, my father successfully ran our household which was blessed with six rambunctious children aged 7-17 from the time of his divorce. Through that time the many guests that came through our doors marveled on his abilities. The house was always spotless, uncluttered. Laundry was neatly put away, dishes were washed, and delicious healthy meals were prepared for breakfast, lunch and supper.

In addition, he gave and gave and gave again, yet we were taught to never expect anything. He bestowed upon us whatever we needed and many times more than that.

He was not a wealthy man, but he did everything he could to make us feel happy and secure in our lives.

My father had an ear for each one of us. His heart and soul were involved and interested in everything that we did. Despite his hectic schedule, his obligations as homemaker, he was always eager to hear what we each had to say. He always seemed to have plenty of time for all of us. Once when I was fourteen years I was very interested in a certain book. It was not for school and it was not necessary for me to have it right away. School was closed due to a high accumulation of snow and I mentioned my desire for this particular book. It was snowing heavily, when I mentioned it and he said he would get it for me when the snow stopped. In passing, the book came up again and my father without telling anyone decided to get it for me.

Despite two feet of snow, he trudged miles to get me the book. It was a difficult walk and with his recent heart condition, he realized that he would be safer if he took a cab home. No cabs were driving in this weather and he reluctantly walked home, book in hand. Upon reaching home, he collapsed.

I had no idea that he had gone out to get me the book. I instantly felt guilty for mentioning the book. My father would have none of my guilt it was his privilege, he told me to get this book for me.

Another incident involving my father's compassion has to do with my younger brother Shmuel.

One time I noticed in a drawer a bag with a book in it. I wondered who the book was for. A few days later, Shmuel came home beaming holding a book with the same cover. He said his teacher

gave it to him. I wondered if we still had the other book. I carefully walked to the cabinet to search for the book, but only found the bag. My father had just come into the room, noticed my expression and my brother's excitement. He winked at me and was smiling at my brother. I realized in that instant that my father has taking time from his busy schedule to by the book, give it to Shmuel's teacher to present for him for his good behavior in school. It seemed like my father was always coming up with unique ways to make everyone feel good.

My father has always been my advocate. At age 12, there was to be an assembly at school. Aside from our student body, other schools and their teachers would be present as well. Total turnout was expected to number of over one thousand. I was chosen among a select few to speak at this assembly. As a shy student, I was quite nervous. My father devoted many hours to his profession as a computer consultant at a school, yet he found the time to prep me for the speech. He not only helped me write the speech, we rehearsed it 40 times! Everyone marveled not only on the speech, but on my new found ability to speak so confidently and eloquently.

To me, my father was the kind of person who was always ready to help the next person. You can't imagine how happy the G. family was after my father had gone out of his way to provide them with a fully furnished apartment. When they met my father and found out that he was the sole supporter of a family of six and responsible for the upkeep of our home, food shopping, cooking, cleaning, etc. they were astounded. "How could you have find the time?" they

Wondered. They were duly impressed with his calm, friendly demeanor. Rare is it to find an individual who can tackle so many tasks without becoming stressed out.

He always went out of his way for us. Today he sits behind bars facing a serious accusation; however his mind is not on this. When I come to visit, he asks what I'm doing, and reading, if I have what I need how the others are doing. I'm always a bit uncomfortable with his intense interest on us, when his life is in such a turmoil, but to him we are the most important part of his life.

My father never hurt a soul. I hope through this letter you can appreciate the loving father that I have been privileged to have. please have mercy on him and release him from his sentence.

Thank you in advance for your help in this matter.

Sincerely,

V. Weir

8/9/2011

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To the Honourable Judge John Gleeson

Re: Upcoming sentence of my father, Rabbi Israel Weingarten.

My name is Mrs Chana Golda Berkowitz (Weingarten) - the daughter of Rabbi Israel Weingarten. I am his fifth child, the third daughter.

As I have been fortunate to have gotten married, to a wonderful husband, and am the mother of a sweet child, therefore I will attempt to put in words what my father has done for me, as a girl among her friends, as a teacher in school, a wife to my husband and as a mother to my beautiful child.

I will begin when I was an extremely small child of around 3 years old...

I cannot forget, how I used to wait that night should fall, so that my precious father will come home the same time that I need to go to bed, and therefore he'll come say the Krias Shema (evening prayers) with me, and tell me interesting stories, until I would fall asleep with sweet dreams...

If I would do something naughty, such as fighting with my siblings, or shaming them, I wouldn't be scared to get smacked, but I knew that my father would call me, and gently ask me why I didn't behave myself the way I should be. If there would be a valid reason, my father would call the other child (who I was fighting with) and ask them why he did whatever he did. Then he would punish to go stand in the corner for a few minutes, and then ask forgiveness, and promise not to misbehave again in future. After a few minutes, we would be best friends again, and we even had a song that we siblings used to sing that we were upset but now we're the best of friends again!

When I was in 3rd grade, around 8 years old, my family moved to Israel. It was extremely difficult for me to acclimate myself to the girls in my class, and to the lessons which were on a very different standard to what I was used to in Europe. My father used to sit with me for hours every day, with endless patience, helping me understand my work, making sure I knew the homework well, adding, etc. my father specially bought me a board I should faster, and easier be able to learn the times tables.

By the time I was in 5th grade- 10 years old, I already knew the material so well, using the tools my father had given me, i.e. how to listen, how to take notes and how to review, that when it came to a test, my friends used to call me to ask things which were difficult for them. As a result, I made many good friends, and was one of the best students in the class.

I was very fortunate to have been blessed with an artistic talent. I was always fantasizing what I would draw- my fantasies were often a lot further than what I could actually draw. My father, noticing my love for drawing, sat with me many hours, explaining me the many tools I could use, and what effects they achieve, the rules how to set out a picture, such as shadow, perspective, making things look transparent, or like glass, and so on. My

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father taught me so well, that whenever we made a production in school, or any kind of program, I would always be the one they picked to do sceneries etc.

Similarly, when I was in high school, we had a yearly competition of all classes to decorate their classes artistically and creatively. My class always won, due to the many hours that my father gave me of his busy schedule to help me that the posters should come out the nicest they could.

When I was finally in 12th grade, I had the option to study teachers training, in order to become a teacher. It entailed learning a lot of extra material and giving model lessons in schools. Even though I was popular in school, the thought of talking in front of a class of students made me very nervous. When my father heard my feelings, he reassured me that he would help me, and asked me I should please take the course.

I became very frightened when I received the date and class to give a model lesson, in the 7th grade, even after a full year of training. My father helped me set out a lesson, with all details, such as how to stand while talking, how to talk, to make eye contact with the pupils, to be calm and sure of what I was saying, etc.

When I was finished giving the lesson to the happy 7th graders, I wasn't sure I wanted to leave the classroom anymore!

To my father's immense happiness, I landed a teaching job at the end of that year. It will now be the 5th year that the happy principal, parents and students enjoy me as their teacher. I believe that if my dear father wouldn't be imprisoned now, I would already be a high school teacher with the help I would no doubt have gotten from him.

In the summer, when I didn't have a job, my older sister Chaya Sura (who is 3 years older than me) and me used to baby sit for 7-8 children at home. Our father would constantly help us, giving us ideas how to handle the kids, if the child was crying, wild or insecure... the mothers used to be astonished how happily the children would run into our house each day, and not want to go home at the end of the day. All the practical ideas my father gave me are all being put to use now when my daughter sometimes gives me a 'hard time'.

Even now from prison, it's remarkable that whenever my father calls, he always asks how my dear daughter Liba is doing. Instead of crying about his situation, he is always asking, and listening to every child's problems, and pain, and tries to help us with whatever he remembers, be it Doctors, or any other way he can help his beloved children.

When I think into my father's situation, a person with a broad mind, who has so much good, and wisdom, and intellect in him, sits locked up in a prison cell for what will soon be three years, I feel shivers going through all of my bones! There are not enough kind-hearted, good people in the world, that are prepared to only help others, and not think of himself at all!!

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I beg the Honourable Judge, should have mercy and compassion on my father, who has already suffered so much throughout his life. His full, bright smile should be restored to his face, as a released, free person.

I see my father's red, puffy eyes before me day and night, they torment me. The heard of the Honourable Judge should feel mercy for my father, and free him from prison; he should once again be able to live his life in happiness.

I am sure that the Honourable Judge will take heed of my sincere request, and it should only bring about good results.

I am beseeching you, and thanking you in advance,

Chana Golda Berkowitz, and my husband
Martin Berkowitz.

August 7 2011

Dear Honorable Judge John Gleeson,

My name is Sheindl Cohen (weingarten) I am 19 years old, I am a teacher, I am the youngest daughter of Rabbi Yisroel Moshe Weingarten, my beloved father.

Since it is going to be now the re-sentencing of my father I would like to express to you my feelings about it from the depths of my heart.

Now when my father is in prison I simply can't take it, my father means for me everything from since when I was little, I feel like I am in prison with him. When I go to visit him a shudder goes through my body when I see his pain, his swollen eyes from crying doesn't let me rest, and still he smiles to me because he doesn't want me to get totally broken because he truly loves me, he cares for me as if my problems were his only concern in the world, instead that he should complain about his problems I find myself telling him about my petty little problems and he listens to me with patience and searches for solutions for every little difficulty that I have.

When I was expecting my baby he was busy if I feel well and now every little problem with my baby like vomiting etc. he is concerned like he were his own child.

Although he hides his pain I am his child and I feel the sufferings that he is undergoing, many times I can't sleep at night it comes up in my mind pictures how my father is sitting in prison late at night surrounded with the worst criminals, a shiver goes through my bones, my breath stops when I think what might now be happening to him. I want to scream and cry father! But I know that he doesn't hear me, I want to at least be able to talk to him to know if everything is OK and nobody is hurting him, but I can't do anything, I feel hopeless... I have to wait till the morning he should call and I should hear that he is thanks G-D alive.

Can you understand what this means for me? I don't forget of my father even for a minute and nothing in the world will make me forget him and divide him from me, because he is my father and I am his child forever.

Honorable judge, please have mercy on my father and console his broken family, let us be united again, his growing family needs him. The world needs him. He is a pious man he taught me only good things, I never heard him call anyone bad names even those who so bitterly tortured him, he taught me how to be a good person to my my family, my students, and everyone else, please have mercy on my baby who needs his grandfather outside.

We need our family whole so that we should be able to go on with our. lives we need tranquility after going through so much.

Thank you very much for reading my letter and understanding my feelings.

Sheindl Cohen

Sheindl cohen

July 7, 2011

Dear Honorable Judge John Gleeson,

My name is Jacob Cohen, I am a son-in-law of Mr. Israel Weingarten, my wife Sheindl is his youngest daughter.

Since our marriage we have traveled all the way to Virginia numerous times to visit my father-in-law and have spoken to him many times over the phone, I found him to be a very honest, sincere and caring person. It is difficult to find a father so devoted and caring for his children as is Israel, when my wife was pregnant with our now newborn baby he constantly inquired about her well being, whenever any of his children was not feeling up to par he would be so worried and concerned, you could think that he doesn't have any hardships of his own. He always tries not to complain about his situation in prison, out of a justifiable concern that this will cause his children sleepless nights and unbearable pain. However at times he may loose control and silently burst out in tears due to his sufferings, but he would immediately express regret and apologize for causing needless stress unto others, and would attempt to paint a brighter image of his hardships.

In the short time that I have come to know him I found him to be a very intelligent, friendly and kindhearted person, and there is a lot more that I hear from my wife, she speaks with nostalgia about the days when the whole family was sitting together with their father at the *Shabbos* meal around the table singing together, the warmth that he gave for each child, how he was always a father *and* a mother for all the children, listening to their stories from school and assisting them with their homework, how they used to go together for hikes in Ardenen, Belgium and on the mountains in Israel, all that adds up to a very devoted and dedicated father.

As the re-sentencing of my father-in-law is coming up, I plea with your honor to please take the above in consideration when re-calculating his sentence.

Thank you,

Jacob Cohen

09/08/2011

TO THE HONORARY JUDGE GLEESON

We are writing to you regarding the upcoming trial of my good friend, Rabbi Weingarten. We are fortunate to know Israel very well as a family member, we know him as a good, kind, righteous person.

Around 7 years ago, we were privileged to be foster parents for 5 of his children: Chaya Sura, Chana Golda, Yakov Nochum, Shcindel and Shmuel Meir. In those 10 months, we knew him as a kind, warm father and a righteous person who followed all the laws.

When the children came home from visitation with their father, they were always happy, calm and satisfied. He put into them beautiful, sterling manners and behaviour and respect to others. They were exceptionally well brought up children. They used to repeat nice stories that he would tell them, and their faces would literally shine with happiness. Such good children can only be the result of an exceptionally good upbringing.

After all their hardships and suffering, we can now see the good, firm upbringing their father must have given them, because they are keeping to the correct path in every way.

Therefore, we would like to beg the Honourable Judge, my heart goes out for my family member who is suffering, and his situation penetrates my heart to the core. We appeal to you, to have mercy, and the Honourable Judge should release our dear family member from prison. And through that, to help Israel and his special children, who have already suffered enough.

Yours sincerely,

Jacob Klein Chana Klein

